THE EGYPTIAN STUDENT

SENIOR NUMBER

MARCH - 1911

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THE EGYPTIAN STUDENT

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Senior Class, 1911

THE SENIOR POETRY FACTORY

Poems Written by English IV Class

Almost Captured

Good morning! fair Bunnie,
You don't seem so funny
As last in the rail-pile
You wore a wide smile.

I'll tell you my fate
And 'tis this I relate:
"Last evening, at sunset,
Soon after we met
I noticed a stranger
Whom I thought meant danger;
But I just kept hopping
With now and then stopping
To nibble and bite
At the 'eats' in my sight.
I hardly had thought
That 'twas me this one sought,
Till I heard of his gun
Which sure made me run,
For I felt the hot lead
Showering down round my head.
So I thought I would go
Where the soft breezes blow.
Now if always I live
I shall never forgive
The man with a gun
Who was out for his fun.

—Loren Hill.

An Elastic Lament

It was a rainy morn
And I was on the street,
And it made me feel forlorn
Not a single soul to meet.

With umbrella in one hand
And a basket in the other,
How I wished for dryer land
And some other fellow's brother.

With my rubbers ever sliding
From the place that they belong,
How could even I be gliding
With a merry, springlike song.

O! for the pavement law—
My heart leaped with a thud;
Then I turned about and saw
My rubbers in the mud.

And I cried without a fear.
"You might bring much worse luck
So I'll drop a parting tear
For alas, you're surely stuck!"

—Ruth Clark.

The Little Lady

My mama, she just scolded me,
'Cause I slid down the railing.
Instead of walking down the stairs.
She said it was my failing
To be a noisy tomboy girl.
She says: "Now act like Sadie,
In everything you do or say
Just be a little lady!"
An' gee! It seems to me
It ain't no fun to be a little lady.

Now Sadie is my grown-up sis,
She has beaus by the dozen,
But when I want to play with boys
She says, "Go play with cousin.
He is a model child."
But I think he's a fraidy,
I don't like boys that's scared of worms,
But that's 'cause I'm no lady.
An' gee! It seems to me
It ain't no fun to be a little lady.

But I don't care, I'll wear my hair
Real short, for I do hate
To wear it long, and I will run,
And swing upon the gate,
When I grow up, and sis will say
My reputation's shady;
But I prefer to be a romp,
And not a perfect lady.
An' gee! It seems to me
It ain't no fun to be a little lady.

—Bernadine Strawn.

The Pine's Rebuke

Oh thou stately pine, so strong, so fair,
Why do you dwell on rocks so bare?
I should think that you would rather choose
A shady plain where perfumes fuse,
Or streams of water, smoothly flowed
For your lonely, calm abode.

And yet to me you seem to say,
In your own voiceless, gentle way:
"Mine Maker Wise: my God doth will,
My place is here, that place I'll fill;
And you, weak one, should like to me,
True, and contented be.

—Mary Campbell.

Lost

I started out a walking once
The mud was soft and deep.
I started up a hill to climb
A hill which was very steep.

So deep the mud I stuck in it
So loose my rubbers I lost them;
So an hour I searched in misery
For mercy, how they cost me.

I wasted all that precious hour
In searching deep and long;
But alas, alack, the day for me,
My useful rubbers were gone.

—Elizabeth Cash

To a Lone Pine

To thee, lone pine, on the mountain's crest,
To thee, I turn in this hour of rest,
As athwart the world thy shadow lies,
And from out the west the daylight dies.

Monarch of all a kingly realm
Of queenly birch and noble elm;
Lone ruler o'er all thatG od hath wrought,
An emblem of strength to the world of thought.

Thou hast towered on in thy lonely spot
In sweet contentment with thy lot,
Till thy giant boughs to heaven nod,
A tribute to the truth of God.

Ah, in thy vigil of a thousand years,
What thots were thine, what hopes, what fears,
As through wintry blast and summer haze
In lonely state have sped the days.

On troubled days, red flames leaped ronnd
And splintered crags went crashing down
To other pines swift death did bring,
But for thee has bloomed eternal spring.

The day fades out, and beneath the beams
Of the rising moon, the hoar frost gleams,
And whispers the wind, that from thy height,
Thou rulest on o'er the realms of night.

—A. Walton.

Lost--One Pair of Rubbers

Time—April twelfth, nineteen and ten;
Place—No quiet secluded glen;
Situation—Rain falling, now and then.

"There are only five more blocks," she sighed,
As she went hurrying on her way;
If I'm late to Virgil again this time,
I wonder, will they say.

If I had known the mud was deep,
I don't think I'd have started;
What in the world would I ever do
If my rubbers and I were parted.

The rain came down in wind-blown sheets,
And the riverlets trickled along;
Alas and alack, she stuck sure and fast,
And stuck for no telling how long.

She worked and pulled for a long long time,
Beads of agony stood on her head;
"I believe that when Virgil wrote this book
He meant for it not to be read."

The rubbers stuck fast—the mud was tough
And she felt inclined to weep;
For to her ears on the stilly air,
Came the bell's tone, soft and deep.

Time—April twelfth, nineteen and ten;
Place—On the campus at the north end;
Situation—Two stuck rubbers—the rains descend.

—Clara Hortin

Slippery Icy Morning

Slipping, sliding,
Sometimes gliding
On my way to school.
Sneezing, freezing,
Shying, trying
My cold feet to rule.
Tripping, lying,
Almost dying,
That was I,—
Loudly crying,
Deeply sighing
For the S. C. I.

—Alice McKibben.

The Thots of a Rabbit

How heartless and cruel this world seems to be,
To keep in it men who are wont to harm
The frail little innocent creatures like me,
Whose dreaded approach fills us all with alarm.

With a weapon so fatal he hunts for me,
And carefully traces the paths in the snow
To make certain my presence in the cell in this tree,
And kill me for harming the crops he did sow.

I know he can but enjoy it well,
To place us on his well filled board.
Bnt oh, what joy! if I could compel
Him to live from his abundant hoard.

Perhaps to him it affords a delight
To cause such dismay to my friends and me;
As to drive us forth from our snow-covered site,
But the joy of it all I fail to see.

Why not permit me to roam as I please;
And enjoy the sweet peace of the snowy grove.
To go in and out of my hiding at ease,
And through the dense woods to safely rove.

—Laura Risley.

THE LUNATIC

Bernadine Strawn

Dr. Patricia Blake leaned back in her chair and gazed dreamily at the swaying forms of the dancers.

"Why," she said, "they seem just like other people. One might easily imagine this the ball room of some mansion instead of an insane asylum. It seems to me this is rather dangerous business, giving the inmates a dance, but I guess the older doctors know. Anyhow, it is a very interesting experience. Yes," she repeated aloud, "they certainly do seem just like other people."

"Yes," a pleasant voice back of her answered, "I quite agree with you."

Patricia gasped with astonishment as she turned to see who the speaker was, and she was still more astonished to encounter the smiling grey eyes of a good-looking young man.

"Won't you come and dance?" he asked. "The music is really good."

"Pardon me," she returned coldly, "but I have never had the pleasure of meeting you."

"No?" he replied, still smiling. "Well that isn't at all necessary. You know it is a rule here that visitors must dance with any patient that asks them, and besides, this will be an excellent opportunity to get some material for the paper on 'Lunatics' you are to write for the medical convention."

"How did you know the reason I came out here?" she demanded.

"Don't you suppose everyone knows Patricia Blake, M. D., the rising young woman doctor?"

Patricia reflected. It didn't seem quite proper to be dancing with this handsome stranger, even if he were a patient. However, if she refused, he might create a disturbance. Insane people couldn't be depended upon even when they seemed quite rational. Then the professional side of her nature became dominant. She was a great one, to study medicine with the idea of being a spec'alist on insanity, and then to have scruples at taking an opportunity to study a splendid specimen! It certainly was absurd!

"Very well," she said, "since you put it that way, I will."

As they glided away in time to the music, she noticed that he danced splendidly, also that he was remarkably well dressed.

"What an extraordinary case," she thought. "I wonder along what line his malady runs."

"I'm not a mind reader," he said, "but nevertheless I can tell you what you are thinking about; you are wondering on what question I am insane. Oh don't start! No dangerous patients are allowed here. I don't mind telling you the cause of my insanity. I'm crazy about a girl! A girl so interested in other things that she hasn't time to pay any attention to men—or I might say, to one man. That's why I'm here."

"That's too bad," she said sympathetically. "Did you ever tell her about it?"

"No," he replied sadly, "I knew it would be no use. Besides, I never have been introduced to her, though I've seen her enough to fall desperately in love with her."

"But it's funny," said Patricia, "that it should have such a terrible effect. Do you ever become violent?"

"Seldom," he assured her, "but it's getting worse all the time. Perhaps you will give me a private consultation some time in the future, when you have carried your investigations farther."

"Perhaps. But I am afraid it will be a long time before I am really capable of doing anything so you see——"

She stopped abruptly. The absurdity of talking to this man as if he were rational! But he certainly

didn't seem unbalanced. Still he had told her himself that he was one of the patients.

Assuming her most dignified manner, she said, "Really, I am too tired to dance any longer. Yours is a most interesting case, and I may look into it furthur. However, I must have your name."

"Ralph Learned," was the reply. "If you will be so kind as to waste your time on me, I will appreciate it immensely."

"It won't be wasting time," she replied as she left.

The next morning Patricia gave orders not to be disturbed; then she settled down to write some business letters, but her thoughts kept straying back to the scene of the previous night.

"What an extraordinary case!" she thought. "It certainly is a shame. He seemed nice,and he was awfully good looking. "The idea!" she exclaimed aloud. "Why should I think of his looks! Nevertheless, I'll look into his case."

Just then the headlines of the morning paper, lying on her desk, caught her eye.

"Dr. Ralph Learned, the great specialist, has accepted a position at the State Asylum for Insane."

"Dr. Ralph Learned!" she gasped in amazement. "It can't be possible that he is the one! And the condescending manner in which I told him I'd look into his case! I guess he will think I am the crazy one!" And Patricia groaned. "But I must look at my mail, even if I did make myself appear so foolish. I wonder who this letter is from?"

Opening a letter addressed in large, masculine writing, she read:

"My dear Dr. Blake: Please pardon my deception of last night, but I must say in self defense that it is true I am crazy about a girl, a girl to whom I have never been 'formally' introduced. I am coming over this evening to see you concerning my malady, and to ask you if you think I can ever gain favor in her eyes. Also to inquire if you had ever thought seriously of going into partnership with any doctor. Please let me know at once if you will be at home.

"Anxiously awaiting your reply, I am,

Very truly yours,
"THE LUNATIC."

"The Lunatic," she murmured softly. "He has such nice eyes—I guess I'll let him come."

In winter the lark and the robin do fly
To warmer and dryer and sweeter abode,
For they always are happy, gay and shy,
Where the snow never falls to hide their road.
Merrily on
Singing a song,
All the long days they are singing a song.

When you want artistic photos don't forget Dukes.

FOUND—A job as a cartoonist during Cicero. Miss Tompkins.

TRANSIENT TROUBLES

'Twas Chemistry, English and Virgil and "Dutch,"
That harried me, worried me, flurried me much.
So I worked and I thought till almost dead;
There were bells and visions in my head;
Ting-a-ling-ling,
Jing-a-ling-ling,
Tompkins and Reynolds and Strawn in a string.

LESTER'S CONFECTIONERY FOR QUICK SERVICE. EVERYTHING SANITARY.

BOB'S BEST GIFT

Edith Cardling

Dora, the servant, was delighted to have the honor of arranging Bob's birthday gifts on the mantle of his den. His eyes could not help observe them as he came in the door. The bundles were four in number, one flat, one bulky, one round and one very small. The room was delightfully warm and cozy and Bob's dog was lying asleep on the rug awaiting the coming of his master. When he heard his welcome voice he arose with a bound, rushed to the door and gave a low bark of recognition. Bob gave him a hearty caress, they both hastened to the welcome grate fire, as the night was exceedingly cold. Bob threw off his heavy coat, warmed his half frozen hands and looked around for his capacious arm chair. Throwing himself into it, worn out and tired, he spied the packages and it dawned upon him that this eighteenth day of December was his twenty-fourth birthday. "Ah Mike!" he exclaimed, "looks as if Santa Claus had come ahead of time. Let's examine them."

He opened number one.

Ah, great Scott!" he groaned, "another bit of feminine fancifulness. Another humbug to make me put on my thinking cap. Well it will have to go the way of all such things which belong to me; a long sleep in the bottom chiffonier drawer awaiting the judgment? Jean's a dear girl and I cherish her friendship, but it has its limitations. Well, Mike what do you suppose it's for? It's beyond my comprehension."

The terrier sniffed at the lace trimmed, pink satin puzzle.

"It might be a pin cushion, a collar bag, a necktie case or an old bedroom slipper," Bob continued.

He took the flat box next, it was not wrapped as neatly as the first, but was written in a feminine hand.

"Sister Beulah," he thought as he tried to untie the many knots.

"What do you suppose dear old sis has sent?" A feeling of love beat in his heart as at last he had undone the package. Two pairs of bright hose met his gaze—a pair of light green ones and royal purple. Bob looked first at one and then the other.

"Yes," said Bob, "everyone said that sis always had good taste, but there are Tom and the boys now and she must lavish her taste on them and not upon her bachelor brother. Even the price marks have not been removed. She was probably in a hurry and did not realize what she was doing, but these hose carry a message of love that will ever be true to my heart."

The small package was next examined. Upon the cover was the name of a well-known jeweler, and lifting this cover Bob's eyes fell upon a handsome tie pin and a man's card. There was a smile passed over the man's face as he gazed upon the gift.

"Full value returned," he remarked to Mike, "but why did I receive this from Jack?" For no other reason than a sense of duty. Jack gives to me and I to him. We've grown as far apart as the east is from the west yet we still cling to this old custom, and all that we do it for is to get back as good as we give. I have come to realize that this kind of giving means nothing and for my part this will be the last." and Bob stuck to his word.

"I sometimes wonder, Mike, who's at fault in the gifts that are exchanged on many occasions, is it myself or the world? Oh for the time when we boys used to have birthdays when we were on the farm, those were the best times of all. Then we received marbles, tops or a jack knife, those things which made you feel like the world was the only place for a boy and every one was pretty good after all. Well, for the

last, old fellow."

It was a box of expensive cigars sent to him by the president of an automobile firm. He lost no time in testing one, but was soon disappointed, for it didn't suit his taste.

"Ha! ha! I know," said Bob, "it's not the cigar, it's why it was sent. This is only a gentle reminder that Jenkins wants my order for two cars."

He puffed away silently while the dog gazed intently into his face.

"Well Mike, my birthday is nearly over," as he looked at the clock, which pointed out the hour of eleven. "The inventory is complete. These are my gifts, the inappropriate, the obligatory, the pay back and the graft gift."

He placed all the gifts on the mantle again. His eye fell upon a postal written in the scrawling hand of a dear little girl, Margaret, his seven-year-old niece. These are the words he read:

"Dear Unkel Bob: Well, this is your birfday. O my how I wisht you wuz here, for I love you unkel Bob, and we don't have such good times cuz you ain't here. Lots of kisses and birfday wishes, from Margaret."

Bob gazed long upon the tender message.

"Mike, old boy, one real birthday gift. It did not come from duty or unwillingness, but from good will and love. What more should I wish for? Suppose we make a resolution Mike, henceforth at gift-giving times to make the most out of them and pray earnestly for the real and true spirit of giving."

Mike assented by a decisive bark in the affirmative.

BEFORE THE FOOTLIGHTS

(Apologies to the Purple and White)

The Queens of Egypt ..S. C. I. girls
Music Master ..... White
The long and short of it .... J. & A.
In search of a sinner ..... Miss T.
The Crisis ..... A dog in German
A Dream of Fair Women ....
.... The Vincennes Girls
Mary's little lamb ..... "Bunt."
The Wandering Jew ..... Snellhorn
The Slim Princess ..... Ruth C.
The poetic temperament..Grace Rich
The two voices .....
..Louie's and Rhoda's at 11:30 p. m.
Tempest and Sunshine .... Severn's
Dorm and Bachellor's Hall.
The beauty spot .... Bunt's dimple
In Jest or Earnest? ..... All boys
The sturdy Scot ..... Stewart
Queen of "Hartes" ..... Rhoda H.
The almighty dollar ..... Cash
The Orator ..... E. Baker
The Heiress ..... Miss Rich
The forbidden fruit..Gum in German
My hunt after the—— .... J. Walton

THE PLACE FOR GOOD DRINKS AND CANDIES AT LESTER'S.

A gentle breeze blows from the deep
sparkling bay
At morning and evening and all
through the day;
Over hill and o'er vale so fresh and
green,
It is felt to come with air serene—
Gentle sea breeze,
Cooling sea breeze,
Feed all nature with vigor so keen.

THE FRIENDS AT HOME ARE ALWAYS GLAD TO HEAR FROM YOU WHY NOT SURPRISE THEM BY HAVING A GOOD PHOTO TAKEN AND SEND HOME WITH YOUR NEXT LETTER.

Of all tribulations and trials we
bear,
I think that the worst one that falls
to the share
Of the poor busy Senior class down
here,
Is the writing poetry, I fear
I'm not inspired,
Oh, but I'm tired!
Come now my Muse, and give aid
e'er I'm fired.

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"Some men rust out, others wear out."

Don't hurry through your school life. The world will be just as big and just as full of opportunities when you eventually are ready to enter it as it is now and you will be more able to grasp the opportunities. As a sub-structure for a life's work have a good college education, upon which you may build your super-structure or university course of special preparation in some one occupation.

In an old reader there is the picture of a man aged, ragged and disconsolate, leaning over a dilapidated fence and gazing morosely across a neighbor's well-kept fields. Beneath the picture is written the legend:

'Tis the voice of the laggard,
I can hear him complain.

Every man, rich or poor, has a certain number of mechanical things which he must do. He must take so much time for sleeping, so much more for eating and so much more for going to and fro from his work and so on. At last we realize that we have only a few hours each day to call our own. So it is the use of this little time that distinguishes us from other people and makes us what we are. So be careful, fellow students, for in these school days it is easy to waste those few precious hours which we may call our own and thus lose our individuality and power of advancement.

"Think twice before you speak," is an old adage, which, like many other time honored ideas, is mainly a fallacy. Train yourself by long training in hard thinking to think unerringly to the point the first time—then act. The man who takes time to think twice will never get anywhere, for, like Hamlet, he will spend most of his time thinking.

An old gentleman passing through the Royal Gorge of the Arkansas river on the Denver & Rio Grande railway, looked at the walls of red granite which towered perpendicularly above him for more than half a mile, then turned to his companion and whispered in an awed voice, "And some men say there is no God!"

LOCALS

FAMOUS QUOTATIONS

Florence and Fatty—"O that this too too solid flesh would melt!"

Loyd B.—"O would some power the giftie gie us, to see ourselves as ithers see us."

Loyd S.—"I sing because I love to sing."

Jimmy—"I'm too long for this world."

Mel—"To be or not to be?"

Grace Rich—

"Doubt that stars are fire
Doubt that the sun doth move,
Doubt truth to be a liar,
But never doubt I love."

Roy Harte to Nona—"I need thee—O I need thee!"

The Seniors have been memorizing some of Shakespeare and naturally they would notice anything along that line. Two found this:

"To flunk, or not to flunk; that is the question;
Whether 'ti better for the mind to suffer
The tongue-lashing of outrageous professors,
Or to take up regular habits of study
And by much learning end them?"

QUERIES

Why doesn't "A" like big girls?

How many lines in German can Florence and Jimmy translate in forty-five minutes if the wind blows from the south, if the sun shines brightly, if the railroad track is good, and the icicles hang and fun is plenty, and if the day is Washington's birthday and the Senior "cut" must be made? Ask Miss Tompkins.

Somebody had a little dog,
'Twas white and black in spots,
And everywhere that this one goes,
The little doggie trots.

It followed him to school one day,
It was against the rule
And it made Ernest very gay
To see this dog in school.

So "Tommie" said to Ernest dear,
"I fear you must depart,
And do not leave your playthings here
But take them when you start."

So Ernest left with many a sigh
When he thought of his Cicero,
But "Tommie" always wondered why
His playthings didn't go.

The friends at home are always glad to hear from you. Why not surprise them by having a good photo taken and send that with your next letter?

As I was strolling down the street I heard a clear sweet call; I thought at first it was a bird but later on I found it came from Bachelor's Hall. And this is what I heard: "Alice where art thou going, where shall we spend the day?"—this was "A's" melodious voice. And this was closely flollowed by "The Campbells are coming—oh ho, oh ho"—I thought, why, that must be "Bunt." And then the pensive little song, "O, Harte of Mine." I didn't know that "Lewie" could sing like that. Of course Hilly would have to join in, and what should reach my ears but—"The longest way round is the sweetest way home." Then came Jimmy's happy strain—"Oh, any little girl that's a nice little girl, is the right little girl for me;" immediately followed by "Fatty's" melancholy voice—"Gee I wish I had a girl like the other fellow's have."

THE NEW COLLEGE BUILDING WILL NO DOUBT BE BEAUTIFUL, BUT THE OLD ONE HAS MANY MEMORIES CLUSTERED AROUND IT. WHY NOT HAVE YOUR PIC TURE MADE WITH IT AS A BACKGROUND, OR ROURSELF IN SOME FAVORITE NOOK. CALL UP DUKES WHILE YOU THINK OF IT.

Y. M. C. A.

The first one of our recent meetings needs special mention, as being unusually profitable. The topic was an excellent one for discussion—"How Can I do God's Work?" The leader divided the subject into subtopics, in a manner that could not fail to interest everyone. The speakers were assigned the topic to discuss, taken in the light of various occupations. "How Can I do God's Work as a Merchant, a Politician, a Newspaper Writer and a Teacher," was ably discussed by the different speakers. After each talk there were informal discussions. These discussions are what make our meetings so full of enthusiasm, for each one gets more good from a service in which he has taken part. These discussions have been a marked characteristic of our meetings throughout the year. It ought to be regarded as a step in the right direction.

The following meetings were very helpful and the usual number were present at all.

A. Walton took the place of Mr. Baker, who was not able to fill his pla e as leader February 9th.

February 16th we were expecting to have Reverend Clark with us, to speak on "The Call to the Ministry." He was unexpectedly called away and an impromptu meeting was held from which every one must have received much benefit. Slips were passed around on which each member wrote one or more questions to be answered during the meeting. The questions covered a wide range, and were informally discussed.

Mr. Clark came the following Thursday and gave us an excellent discourse on "The Call to the Ministry." He said that the foremost reason why more young men do not take up the ministry than do, is on account of the difficulty found in the work. He quoted some very interesting statistics from the recent census, regarding the largest churches and their ministers. Of the five strongest denominations, the number of ministers is from one-half to three-fourths that of the churches. Also this deficiency is more marked in regard to the number of new churches and young men in training for the ministry. Only one denomination, the Lutheran, has an adequate number of young men to supply the number of new churches. This field is not overstocked like a great many others. There are plenty of doctors, lawyers etc., but not so with the ministers. It is true that in some places there is a seeming abundance of ministers, but they are not of the well prepared, educated class. At Clarksville, Tenn., there were two-hundred applications for one position but a great many were not of the well prepared class. Four thousand well equipped ministers are needed at the present moment. There are various reasons for this deficiency. New lines of business are being opened up, together with the old ones induce the young men in that direction. Many of these are overstocked but if one can succeed, there will be more pay. The small pay feature is a serious hindrance. Also the preacher does not know how long he will hold his position, making it disagreeable in that respect. Nevertheless it depends largely on the man how long he holds his pastorate. Yet there are many attractive features. It is the most satisfying of all work, that of leading people to do right. A minister forms many strong and lasting friendships. The churches of the future will be more united and the inducement is much greater to the young man now than ever before. Not only is there a call in our own country but in all the foreign fields. The crisis in China is now coming and the same may be said of other fields.

Y. W. C. A.

"Life is but a little holding,
Lent to do a mighty labor."

Each day brings with it innumerable opportunities for us Y. W. C. A. girls to help brighten some weary pathway, to add rays of sunshine to some dark place, to drop golden words of friendship where they are most needed and to perform deeds of helpfulness all about us in many, many different ways. But so often when we chance to recognize such opportunities we try to free ourselves of the obligation by thinking of their apparent insignificance and do not permit any consideration on the vastly important side. These opportunities are here and God placed us here to meet them. What are we doing?

Or how many times we attempt to justify ourselves in the neglect of these duties by making vain excuses, "I can't do that, because—." Such excuses never justify us before God. Just remember—we are equal to every task placed before us however great or small it may be. If we were not equal to it God would have given it to another, but He gave it to us. He knows better than we what we are capable of doing. We can because He wills that we can, not by might nor by power but by His spirit.

Will we not let this mighty promise sound in our ears and echo in our hearts until it has made us captive of its importance and pledged us to practical, mutual helpfulness? And as we go forth may it be in the spirit expressed in Whittier's lines:

"Be gentle unto grief and needs,
Be pitiful as woman should.
Give and receive; go forth and bless
The world, that need the hand and heart
Of Martha's helpful carefulness
No less than Mary's part."

Do you belong to the Mission class? If you don't you should. The class has made a splendid beginning under the efficient leadership of Miss Strawn and no one entertains the slightest doubt but that it will be one of the most successful classes ever held in connection with our association. We are studying the "Advance in the Antilles"—a text suggested by Miss Woodberry.

Where is Alpha Sigma? Come to the front at last! And we are justly proud of it too. It won for itself the distinction of playing the first basket ball game with an out-of-town team Saturday night, March 4, when it played against the Vincennes high school team. The score stood 3 to 7 in favor of Vincennes. Considering the fact that the visiting team had had advantage of superior gymnastic training, our girls played a good game. We expect to hear more encouraging things from them if privileged to play a return game at Vincennes. The team consists of: right forward, Mary Campbell; left forward, Clara Hortin; right guard, Florence Spiller; left guard, Rhoda Hart; Center, Alice McKibben.

On March 9, Miss Lucy Black led a very interesting meeting on the topic: "Riches—an Idol or a Blessing?" Many practical and helpful thoughts were brought out emphasizing especially the present day tendency to turn God's blessings into a curse by withholding from the rightful owner that which is mete.

By the time this little paper is in the hands of its readers the old cabinet members for 1910-11 will be seriously considering the question of surrendering their places to the newly elected members. During this past year we have had many pleasant experiences as well as many unpleasant ones, the result of which we wish to share with these new cabinet girls. To some of them the work is new and strange and they need all the help and strength we can give them now during the first few weeks of their experience in this work. May God help us to help them in every way we can.

BASKET BALL

Once more the "Purple and Gold" boys tossed the ball on the foreign court and were defeated by a meager margin of 29 to 37.

Of all the games of the season this may tru'y be said to have been the most classy. The Sumner boys were in good form and under the able management of Coacr Bryan were able to play a very commendable game. The S. C. I. fellows were superior n team work but seemed to be unable to locate the netting. Both sides made several fouls which proved fatal to the S. C. I. team as Sumner threw 9 out of 12 free throws.

The game from the jump-off took a very merry gait and the sides were very evenly matched as the score would indicate.

Westall and J. Walton were the stars of the evening, both throwing a goodly number of baskets.

The lineup follows:

S. C. I.—Hill, right forward; Tilton, left forward; J. Walton, center; A. Walton, right guard; Lewis, left guard. For Sumner—Laws, right forward; Westall, left forward; Miller-Westall, center; Baker, right guard; Westall, left guard.

Mention might be made of another game played on the same floor the same evening which was immensely enjoyed by the S. C. I. team. This was a girl's game between the Sumner High School and the Vincennes High School. This was a very good game although somewhat gentle. The guards on both sides seemed to be very efficient keeping down the score.

Sumner captured six free throws and Vincennes one field goal, making a score of 2 to 6.

This made two victories for the Sumner folks in one night but how could they help it when they were celebrating their new gymnasium and were cheered on by a house full of rooters and their village band?

S. C. I. Girls vs. Vincennes

On March 4th a memorable game was played by the S. C. I. girls' basket ball team against Vincennes High School team on the Albion floor. Loyalty was shown the teams by a large crowd of rooters.

The two sides were pretty evenly matched and he girls showed a very gallant spirit throughout. For the first quarter of the game the score stood one to one and it was difficult to tell which was the better team. But tides were soon changed by Vincennes' right forward throwing two baskets in a short time. Both sides were frequently fouled but few points were added to the score in this way for the ball seemed entirely too contrary to enter the basket on free throws. The first half ended with the tally sheet registering 5 to 1 for the enemies.

The second half was much faster and more evenly matched. The "Purple and Gold" girls threw one field goal, while Vincennes was shut out of field goals, but they succeeded in sinking the ball thrice through the netting from the fifteen foot line, thus making the final score 3 to 8.

The teams are as follows:

S. C. I.—Hortin, right forward; Campbell, left forward; McKibben, center; Spiller, right guard; Harte, left guard.

Vincennes lineup—Rush, right forward; Ramsey, left forward; Robinson, center; Wilson, right guard; Ford, left guard, and Miss C. M. Beach, referee.

LESTER'S SODA FOUNTAIN DISPENSES QUALITY.

WHEN YOU WANT ARTISTIC PHOTOS DON'T FORGET DUKES.

PHILOMATHEAN

A literary society properly conducted should serve a two-fold purpose. First of all it should be beneficial in the sense that it is instructive and educational. It develops the latent abilities of the members in that it educates them to speak in public and it should offer much good information on both sides of important social and political problems. In the second place a literary program should be so diversified that it will prove interesting to all. A well-prepared debate should interest every one but special features must be introduced to relieve the monotomy. A society conducted in such a way that either of these two features are slighted can hardly be termed a model society.

The members of the program committee must use a great deal of ingenuity and originality in conducting their work. The programs should be posted promptly and sufficient thought and attention given to each one to insure its success. The critic should be a critic in the true sense of the word, not one who finds fault with everything, nor one who praises indiscriminately, but a person of judgment who bestows praise where praise is deserving and disapproves where disapproval is necessary.

Whether our society is "filling the bill" as stated above, we will leave the reader to decide for himself. We have sufficient talent in our school to make a literary society that will be a credit to us. The reason that so many refuse to respond when put on the program is pure cowardice and nothing else. There are none of us but that wish to become fully equipped, competent men and women and without the ability to speak in public you cannot call yourself fully equipped and competent. Furthermore if you do not find it possible to summon sufficient courage, while in school, to face an audience, it is a safe bet that you never will afterward unless you are kicked into it by force of circumstances. Pluck up a little nerve and don't "flunk" when you're on the program. If you do you acknowledge that you either are "plumb scared" or are too lazy to get up your part. You have the ability alright. The program committee is not going to risk its reputation by an ill considered choice. Come out and work. Let's have good programs and good attendance the rest of the year.

EXCHANGES

The Central Wesleyan Star is famous for good solid matter. You are a good paper, Star, but a few cuts would he'p.

The Stentor, the college paper of Lake Forest, is an excellent paper.

The Lincolnian is one of our oldest exchanges.

The Western Courier is coming to the front.

The Taylorville Exponent is the best high school paper we receive.

The Tech of Bradley Polytechnic Institute is our best exchange.

A hair in the head is worth two in the puff.—Ex.

"Mein Gott! Mein Gott! Such language do!
Ich cannot English sprechen—
S'chust so sure as I get him right,
Py tam, I vas mistaken." —Ex.

Lives of great men all remind us
That we can ride a pony to,
And departing leave behind us
Grades to show that we got through
—Ex.

—•—

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The new college building will no doubt be beautiful, but the old one has many memories clustered around it. Why not have your picture made with it as a background, or yourself in some favorite nook? Call up Dukes while you think of it.

Girls' Basket Ball Team

Boys' Basket Ball Team

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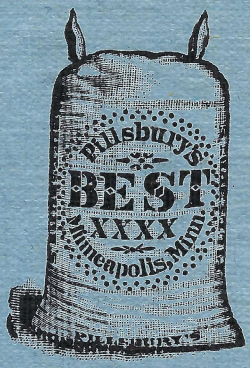

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